

Birthday Boy by pterafractal

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Blow Jobs, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-22

Updated: 2018-03-22

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:27:48

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,274

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

On Will's 47th birthday, he and Mike enjoy a long standing birthday tradition.

Birthday Boy

Author's Note:

Will gets some special treatment on his 47th birthday. Yes, this is basically just 1,200 words about oral sex.

“Good morning, birthday boy,” Mike said softly before pressing a kiss to Will’s jaw.

Will stretched and yawned, covering his mouth with the back of his forearm. He blinked sleepily over at Mike.

“What can I do for you this morning?” Mike asked, running his fingers along Will’s sternum and trailing down to his abdomen.

“Hmm, the usual I think,” Will said with a small smile, folding his arms behind his head.

“Oh, is that what we’re calling it now?” Mike asked with a little laugh.

“You always blow me on my birthday,” Will replied with a pout.

“I know, but, I mean, would you really call it ‘usual’?”

“Oh, I see. You feel your prowess has been insulted. Then, please, Michael, commence with my inaugural, spectacular birthday blowjob.”

“‘Inaugural’? I blew you two days ago!”

Will swatted him with a pillow, laughing, which turned into a little squeak when Mike clambered on top of him, pressing him into the mattress and tickling his sides. They kissed once, twice, Mike grinding his hips down against Will’s cock as it grew warm and heavy.

“I really love it, though,” Will breathed out after a few moments had passed. “I fully expect you to continue the tradition for the remainder

of my birthdays.”

“Happily.”

Mike slipped his hand down Will’s front and into his boxer briefs, caressing his growing erection. Will breathed in through his nose and kissed Mike firmly, pushing his tongue inside as Mike began to stroke him.

Mike broke their kiss shortly, opting to trail his way from Will’s lips down his jawline to his neck, grazing his teeth along the soft flesh there. He kissed Will’s collar bone, his sternum, took his time to kiss each nipple, licking and sucking until they were both erect.

He jumped the line a bit at that point, already salivating at the thought of Will in his mouth. For whatever reason, for as long as they had been together, Mike could never quite get enough of the way Will tasted or the way he reacted when Mike swallowed him whole. In cars, kitchens, bedrooms, even once in a movie theater—Mike didn’t take much convincing to suck Will’s cock.

When he reached Will’s groin he pulled his boxer briefs aside quickly, exposing Will’s erection, flush and pink. He licked along the underside of it from the base to the tip, tongue darting across the sensitive skin beneath the head.

He took Will in his hand, covering just the head with his mouth at first. Above him Will let out a soft whimper as he sucked and licked at the sensitive skin. Without much preamble, he swallowed Will down as deeply as he could, earning him a gasp and moan.

He bobbed his head up and down, getting Will nice and slick. He gave him a little squeeze at the base before pulling off and licking him lightly. He alternated firm suction with a featherlight touch until Will was clearly flustered.

“Mike, stop teasing,” Will whined.

“Am I?” Mike asked, running his thumb up and down the underside of Will’s shaft. Will bounced his hips in response and gave him a pleading look.

Mike smiled in acquiescence before taking Will in his mouth again, flattening his tongue and caressing the underside of Will's head. He lapped up the moisture collecting on the tip before swallowing him as completely as he could manage, swirling his tongue around the shaft.

Above him Will squirmed and swore and endeavored not to thrust upward, pressing his hips down into the mattress. He gripped Mike's shoulder with one hand, the other beneath his pillow.

"Getting close," Will murmured, his eyes screwed shut. "Don't stop, please, please..."

Mike couldn't resist pulling off then, and Will groaned loudly at the top of the bed. Mike stroked him lightly, and Will thrust into his hand.

"Do you really want me to stop teasing you?" Mike asked, kissing the jut of his hip.

Will just chewed his lip.

"Because I'll stop. I can make you come right now if you want." Mike resumed his earlier machinations without pretense, swallowing Will down, hollowing his cheeks.

"Oh, God," Will moaned, digging his nails into the flesh of Mike's shoulder.

Mike pulled off with a soft pop and licked the head of Will's cock lightly. He could feel Will's rapid pulse slamming through his shaft.

"So, do you want me to stop?"

"Mike!" Will laughed. "Just... Just do whatever you want, I can't even think straight anymore—"

Mike took Will in his mouth again, cutting him off with a breathy moan, flitting his tongue back and forth across the underside of his cock head. He resumed his work in earnest, bobbing his head, bringing his fist up to meet his lips as he stroked the portion of Will's shaft he couldn't hold in his mouth.

“Fuck—this is—I’m gonna come, I’m gonna come if you don’t stop—“

Mike pulled off again, grinning as Will looked down at him, dazed.

“Mike,” Will whimpered, even more pitifully than before. He fell back onto his pillow, breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling.

Mike kissed along Will’s abdomen, down the trail of soft hair, before taking him gently in his mouth once more. He sucked softly at first, moving slowly up and down. He gripped Will’s hips with both hands, picking up his pace. He swallowed him down for several moments at a time, breathing through his nose as he did. Each time Will would moan softly, running his fingers through Mike’s hair.

“I’m getting close,” Will murmured. “God, I’m so close, Mike.”

Mike continued his steady pace, ignoring the pleading of his own cock, leaking and aching hard in his boxers.

“You can... Um, you can stroke yourself, if you want,” Will said in a soft voice, as if reading Mike’s mind. He moaned involuntarily around Will’s cock. “I want you to come too.”

Mike took one hand off of Will’s hip and pulled his erection out of the front of his boxers.

“God, look how hard you are,” Will whispered, entranced. Mike whimpered, but refused to release Will. “I bet you’re as close as I am.” Mike nodded, stroking his sweat slicked cock as he swallowed around Will.

“Fuck, I love watching you touch yourself while you go down on me.” Mike moaned and Will shifted, gently thrusting into his mouth.

“I’m—Mike, I’m—fuck—about to come, do you want—do you want me to come in your mouth?” Mike hummed an affirmative. Will threw his head back and cried out, tightening his grip in Mike’s hair.

Mike choked only slightly as Will came in his mouth, the first shot hitting the back of his throat, swallowing spurt after spurt as quickly as he could manage. He stroked himself rapidly as he did, gripping tightly until he felt himself unload, coating his fingers with come as

his orgasm ripped out of him. Will seemed to throb and dribble for ages, Mike lapping up everything he could as Will moaned and whimpered above him. His hips twitched several times as he came down.

Will gave Mike a gentle tug, encouraging him to the top of the bed. When he reached him their lips crashed together, and Will rutted against him a couple of times, his cock still thick and swollen. After kissing Mike again and squeezing him tightly, Will fell back, sighing happily.

"I love it when you tease me," Will murmured, burying his face in Mike's neck.

"Even though you whine about it?"

"That's half the fun."

"Mmhmm. I love you, birthday boy."

"I love you, too, Mike."